But you've very little changed, Mr. Frillers, since those days."

Then she told him her story. The business had been her father's; Mr. Pyke had put a little money into it; on her father's death day, in the same year as the Cartrew Comedy failure, she had succeeded to her share of the business, but as Mr. Pyke owned one-third and she two-thirds they decided to marry. Poor Mr. Pyke, however, had died in the typhoid epidemic three years ago (before Furcombe acquired a new water supply), and since then she had carried on the business. There was a living in it, that was all she could say-

just a living. Then Frillers thought, "Poor thing! There has been no poetry in her life," and as he was toying with this regret two small, charming blue-eyed children, with their hands full of cowslips, entered the parlor and were introduced by their proud mother. The arrival of the children dispelled their growing embarrassments.

The young woman who "helped Mrs. Pyke" laid tea, to which Frillers was invited. When that was over he felt he was expected to go. This romance was to have no definite dramatic end. It was a stream lost in the desert sands.

"Good-bye, Mr. Frillers," sald Mrs. Pyke. "If you're in our neighborhood again we shall hope to see you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pyke; I was just looking round, you know."

"There isn't much to find in the way of employment in Furcombe," she said, meaningly, "a dead and alive place. A man with your education would have a better chance in London or Liverpool."

"I suppose so," he said, looking at her with his melancholy smile, "I suppose so. Good-bye, Mrs. Pyke. Very glad to find you so-eh-comfortably settled." "The children are a great comfort, pretty

dears," said Mrs. Pyke, "but I hope things will look up with you, although things don't come to one by waiting. But good-bye." They shook hands on the threshold of the litle shop. Frillers raised his hat. The old

jaunty manner learned in light comedy

had acquired a certain military precision

contrasting oddly with his melancholy,

dreamy smile. Mrs. Pyke's musings were interrupted by the arrival of a customer.

"Three yards of dark-blue ribbon for trimming, please, about half an inch wide." the Image of Frillers began to vanish from her mind like the impression of a dream, There was absolutely nothing in him to arrest her matronly attention.

Meanwhile Frillers walked slowly down Elm road; then, for a quarter of a mile, followed the path by the river till the town was quiet; the gnats fluttered like jets of

yet his disappointment was none the less Had he possessed humor the irony of it would have redeemed its commonplace

The twilight descended on the fields. Frillers arose and walked slowly to the staa moment wistfully. "She is putting the children to bed," he thought.

The Plymouth train stops at Furcombe station. Frillers took a ticket to the great "One comfortable night more," he thought. He slept ill and lay late, feeling like a man pulling a shadowy boat against a ghostly current. A blissful sleep seemed to him the greatest happiness the world could give. After breakfast, when his mind was made up, the weight

He paid his bill and walked to the depot. passing on his way groups of young soldiers in Glengarry bonnets and short red

Outside the barracks was the inevitable sergeant in a peaked cap, behind him the military advertisement proclaiming the de-

Frillers spoke to the sergeant, who looked

"Come along, my man," said the sergeant, and the barrack door closed on poor

Frillers for the second time.

HOW TO MAKE A TREE CLIMBER.

About this time of the year young people begin to make preparations for gathering parties will always be popular from the securing the nuts, all of which are great fun, besides the keen pleasure of roaming through the woods in the bracing, spicy autumn air.

Frequently the nutting party chance across a chestnut, hickory or walnut tree that is so large and has branches so far from the ground that it seems impossible to get the nuts, for the tree is too large to shin up, the branches are far out of reach, and vigorous "clubbing" only brings down a very few nuts, although the branches may be loaded with them. In such cases the party generally go to another and smaller tree, although they are bound to regret leaving those nuts on the monarch of the woods that seemed to laugh at them. If one of the boys could only have reached those lower branches, what showers of nuts he would have shaken down!

Here is a way to make a climber which will enable you to climb any nut tree you may find, and if you use it you will find It responsible for many a full basket.

Take a strip of leather about three inches wide and eight inches long. Stitch the ends together as firmly as you can, using waxed thread, such as cobblers use for shoes. Then further secure the ends by riveting them tightly with copper rivets. Get a very strong piece of leather about six feet long (an old trace will do) and fasten fore. Repeat this, always pushing away and insisted that I should pay for the a buckle to one end, punching holes in the from the tree trunk as far as possible with drinks myself, which, after a good deal of other end to fit the tongue of the buckle. | your feet. In a very few minutes you will | a giant. A large trunk strap will be the | walked directly up the tree trunk with the | very thing if your parents will allow you help of your strap. to make use of one, but you must be sure | There is no danger whatever in this, if that it is perfectly sound and has no you are always careful to see that your cracks or tears. Now put your very stout- straps and belt are perfectly sound, and you est belt around your waist, and you are can scale any tree that your long strap will ready for any nut tree you may find.

When you have selected the tree you wish to climb put your belt through the smaller leather band and refasten the belt | Detroit Free Press. tightly around your waist, with the band in front, near your belt buckle. Now pass | the hackman. "When I saw the old man, the long strap around the trunk of the in front of the depot staring up and down tree, pass it through the band on your beit, I the street, I declared that he was my meat. buckle the ends securely, and you are

ready to climb. Raise the long strap as high as you can, manded, cautiously antil the side on the further side of the back as far as the belt will allow you and promptly that seeing it was he I would you will find that you can walk several feet | drive him there for 50 cents. up the tree by pushing against it with your feet. Now push your feet against the tree harder than ever, holding on the side of the long strap, lean forward suddenly without moving your feet, and lift the strap up- | to tell Maria all about it as soon as he got ward with both hands. The strap will slide home. up the trunk for several feet and you will he, with the best of good nature.





possession during the fifteen minutes of snow. ownership-should have a chance at life in | One day the mother of John started for a the stables, not with the horses, where the | walk to the center of the town. Rover of a very respectable cow.

By his time Rover had won favor with the entire household, and was often invited in, but when let out he always went directly to the pasture, where he received very affectionate greetings from the cow. another member of the family upon a ramble, and then the difficulty was to get him without his four-footed friend. A whistle coming a long way behind, snorting, galloping, with her tail flying. Rover could vault the fence, but she only came against | very interesting that certain of the small the rails, to fall back helpless. If the pasture gate was unlatched the dog took the it. Rover, as usual, was lounging about, My tenth is in walk, but not in lame;

big brother, and somehow the question took | dog. There was a fight at once. - The cow the courage all out of the small boy who stood as long as she could; had an attack had been so proud and happy only a mo- of nerves; let go her heels; over went pail and milkmald, and she flew down the lane.

"Only-only but a pup," he very meekly | The next thing seen from the window were two dogs fighting furiously, the cow Then the blow fell-"No pups allowed charging madly between, the horses rearing, the ladies, wild with fright, striking Small John, disconsolate, fled to the man out right and left with their muffs as the of all work, who suggested that Master | dogs, followed by the cow, flew round and Rover-the small boy had named his new | round the sleigh in a perfect whirlwind of

big brother ruled alone, but in the manger | thought he'd like to go, too, but was ordered back. He turned and went, duti-When spring brought the beautiful green | fully, into the pasture, and John's mother grass to cover fields and roadsides the cow | considered the incident closed. Alas! the was turned into a great pasture. By this pasture gate was not closed. The dog time Rover had grown into a long, lanky knew very well that he and his friend must creature-he was a Newfoundland-with not approach at once, so they ambled along nothing at all fascinating about him, but | until far enough to become bold, when he the cow thought him lovely, and the two | left the road and took to the sidewalk. The wandered about the pasture together day cow also thought the sidewalk better and after day. If the cow lay down the dog lay followed him. When a considerable disclose. The first thing the poor lady noticed behind her. She turned to face the dog and the cow, surrounded by a crowd of amused pedestrians and small boys. No discovered he bolted to the front, the cow after him, and left the mother with the

There being nothing else to do, she turned about and went home. The dog three forming an interesting procession-so boys joined.

My third is in long, but not in short; My fourth is in game, but not in sport: fifth is in food, but not in drink; My eighth is in peaceful, but not in fight; My ninth is in odd, but not in same; superintending the milking. He tore down | My whole is the name of a poet.

Edward and Also Met the Queen-

Conversation with His Majesty.

School Cadets is now well known to Edward VII, King of England, to Queen Alexandra, his wife, and to the Duke of Argyle. A cadet private, after his first year in the High School, visited England for a summer outing and snap-shot camera expedition, and was royally entertained at Marlborough House by the King and

The hero of this adventure is Wilbur Johnson, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. Warren Johnson, of this city. The young He celebrated July 4 on board ship "I told him how, for four years, our must get to my automobile as patrictically as the limited supply of rival in London Master Johnson unslung est runners, the best athletic teams, the his camera and went to work. Parliament | broadest jumpers, etc.; in fact, how our House, St. Peter's, the Bank of England- school had carried off everything in sight. building after building came within the focus of the American cadet's kodak. At seemed interested, and asked many queslast he came to Marlborough House, the tions about the cadets. I told him for the

residence of the King. tures, "and went inside the gates. Securgot the focus. I was so busy at this task | wishes to the high schools. that I did not notice anything else. Just as I had everything ready and was about to press the bulb I was startled to see an elderly gentleman standing directly in front of me. He was a man of medium height, with long gray whiskers partly hiding a

"'Helio, sonny. What are you going to do?' he asked. Now, a High School youth who has passed his fifteenth year does not relish you have concrete on your streets.' the appellation "sonny." Master Johnson

made this clear to the elderly gentleman,

after which the two entered into conversa-"He told me I couldn't take a picture of Marlborough House; that the camera must be stopped somewhere, and they drew the line at the king's residence. I fancled he was a private secretary or something like that, and handing him my card. I asked for his. Then I nearly dropped, for he said:

MET DUKE IN ROYAL GARDEN. "'I haven't a card. I'm the Duke of

Argyle.' "Well, when I had recovered he asked | best I ever tasted. me if I wanted to see the King. That,' I TALKED WITH QUEEN ALEXANDRA. mushroom has a flavor entirely its own. assured him, was just what I most de- "Just after we had tea-the King and I It is as different from the sired. He smiled, and said he might be -a tall and very beautiful woman enterable to arrange it, and when I left him it | ed. It was Queen Alexandra, but she | restaurants. There is no was agreed that I was to present myself | didn't look at all like any of her pictures. novelty the town by the Hudson has re- at Marlborough House on the Wednesday | She is far better looking. Now, I hadn't following, at 3:30 o'clock.

afraid of being late. I jumped into an thing to do. were, according to the size of their feet, so automobile and rode to Mariborough that this regulating the festivities by hand | House. At the door I handed my card to

> 'The guard disappeared through a doorcalling my name: 'Mr. Johnson.

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and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dan-

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fying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itchings,

British empire. I became nervous. "As I walked toward him I was at a loss in a hurry, so I just raised my hand and pleasant, and he smiled a little. He returned my salute, and extended his hand to me. We shook hands. see you are an officer,' began the King, 'in some military company.' "'No, sir, I am only a private,' I an-

toilet and baby soap in the world.

Then I explained to him that our officers were shoulder straps. He asked me all about the High School Cadets, saying

school-Central High-had carried off the flag in drill contests; how we had the fast-

"The King smiled now and then. He school-though I hadn't been sent or au-"I handed the guard a piece of silver," thorized to do so. I knew they would agree remarked the cadet, in telling his adven- to it-that we all cared for him as we had ing a good view, I planted my tripod, and him, I think, and he sent back his best

> was burning red, and I was always afraid he was going to ask me something couldn't answer. He asked me how I liked London, and I assured him that I could not complain; that I had been treated well by his subjects. I didn't like to praise my own country up all the time, so I praised his buildings, particularly the Parliament House. There was only one thing I found fault with. I told him I missed

"There was an interval of silence. was very much troubled and would have given a good deal to be well away from that place. I wanted to leave most of the talking to the King, and things were getting awkward.

"The Queen held out her hand. I walked to her, and, kneeling, bent over it. New I "'Ah, Mr. Johnson?" he said-they all knew better than to kiss her hand, for commendable feature about it. As it is, at | begin everything they say with 'ah' over had read something about that in books. I numbers of miscellaneous social gatherings | there. 'Ah,' said the guard, 'the Duke of | took her hand in mine and kissed the back | reported it to be common lace. He hapa great cause of annoyance with many is Argyle said something about your com- of my own hand. Then the Queen raised pened to know of that particular party and me, as you might say. Young Mr. Johnson admits that he was only twelve hours from Landon, if they

discomfort at such times by at least one- | way at one side of the great hall. A mo- in great confusion, and heartily wished had known where to go, he said, they ment later he was back again, bowing and himself safe back in his hotel. The Queen, | would have found plenty of however, asked him a few questions, and | scape, Still, as a general rule it is, perhaps, "Well, sir, that room I entered was one he told her of his little sister and brother, safer not to visit the scenes made famous of the most beautiful I ever saw. All who admired her greatly, he asserted. The by romance. Most authors improve upon Mosaic, like that one up at the library, | Queen said: "Dear little girl," of the sis- | nature, or at least adapt it 13 their particuand gilded chairs, and beautiful furnish- ter, and sent both her love. After a few lar purpose, exaggerating certain features When a man goes out of town for a few | ings. At the farther end-it seemed a | moments she left the young American | to heighten the atmosphere.

from the tower of London to Marlborough House. I had the audacity to ask King

for his mother. Victoria, and wished him a long and prosperous reign. This pleased "I was terribly upset, for I had no idea what to do when with a king. My face

the asphalt streets. "'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I remember that

"At last the King leaned forward and rooms, and into the ears of the man who tapped a little silver bell. A servant in | doesn't care he poured his selevances, after gorgeous livery appeared and bowed low the steak had arrived. before his Majesty. Then he bowed to we would get field mushrooms," complained me. The King ordered tea, and the man | the man who is fond of his stomach. "They brought it to us. It was served in the are surely plentiful enough. No; there smallest kind of cups, and without milk aren't canned, but they might as well be or sugar. I was about to ask for these, when I thought that some people don't use them, and that it might not be just in cellars specially made ifor mushroom the right thing. That tea was fine—the culture. If there is one thing in the world I

expected to see the King, and to meet "On Wednesday morning I went to the King and Queen both was a trying ordeal. Crystal palace, and then to my hotel to My face went more red than ever, I sup- the city market, more's the pity." dress. It was raining, and I was a little pose, for I didn't know just the right

saluted him as I would salute an officer | Victoria's crown, which weighs thirtyof our cadets. The King's face was very | nine ounces, was there, with its sapphire

that he'd heard of our companies, and I STOOD BY HIS SCHOOL.

Edward the Black Prince, the crown King Arthur of the Round Table, and many other wonderful relics. It took us some time to view them, and during this "When we got back I wanted to get away. I was afraid it was not right to take out my watch, but I did so. It was five minutes past 4. I had been with the

Well,' I said, 'I've got to get back to the hotel and see about some things. I "Your automobile?' said the King. 'Is 'Oh, I just happened to find one about, and there were no others carriages near when I was in a hurry to get up here, so oust took the automobile, I explained Then I backed out, all the way through that long room to the door, and bowed ow and got away. I never was so glad

to get off. Master Johnson happened to meet the Duke of Argyle on Rotten row the Sunday ollowing, and the duke took him about in his carriage and pointed out places of interest to him for nearly two hours. The next day the duke invited the cadet to a sanquet, but Mr. Johnson wit that he had had enough, and pleaded readache. One of the things that impressed the Washington youth most, he declares, was his return. He came back on a schooner, which landed at Philadelphia.

"The sight of the stars and stripes, after so much viewing of other flegs, was a great loy," he says. "We entered the Delaware three days after the shooting of President McKinley. The first news we had of it was a shout from a pilot beat. As soon as the news was understood a'l of the sailors -every man, nearly, a fore gner-fell down on their knees and prayed oudly that the President might be spared. It was a most impressive sight."

Differences in Mushrooms.

Philadelphia Record. The man who is fond of his stomach had ordered an extra sirloin steak, with mushthought surely for all the flavor they have. They are the cultivated variety, raised it hothouses or am fond of it is mushroom them fresh from the fie ls. The field cies as fresh frogs' legs are different from the cold-storage kind you always get in coms, for on the hills above Manayunk ust now being nd Roxborough they are gathered in great quantiti ng. I am told. But there people pick them for their own use, and the, seldom reach

Hardy's "Local Color."

Thomas Hardy has come to the defense of "Wessex," which he the ight had been comantic lands

slandered by some American tourists who And even when the descrip burly man.' Then when I got to thinking I had read something of the royal jewels I it by the imagination of a great author.





TARGET RING.

A GAME FOR GIRLS. article necessary, but it is very simple, and

you can do it yourself if you try.

painted side until the heads are close | house and draw a line on the ground fifteen there are two rows of nails about one inch their rings at the target. apart on each ring. When this is done side must have the colored

one inch in size in the center, with paint or | Select the largest size you can get-three | and the outside ring one

Now take some tenpenny nails and drive number of washers will permit. Lean the scored the largest number of points in



ALL THE PLAYERS ON ONE SIDE THROW FIRST.

Discovered He Was Easy.

"I didn't think I was so easy," declared with 'jay' written all over him standing "Better let me drive you there, uncle,"

'How much will you charge?' he de-"'Where do you want to go to?' I asked. trees is about level with your neck. Lean | feet from where we stood, and I answered

> 'All right,' he answered, and jumped in. "I expected an explosion, and was fully prepared for trouble when one minute later I informed him that we were there. But, much to my amazement, the old man took it as a huge joke, and said he would have

" 'Let's go and have a drink on it,' said be supported and can walk upward as be- . "I rather took a liking to the old seed,

Philadelphia Times. argument, he allowed me to do. "It wasn't till after my old friend was | Now your strip will look like a belt fit for find yourself up in the branches, having out of sight that it dawned upon me that lish journal that a present fashionable fad

Doing Stunts. My cousin Joe an' sister Nell,

I'm easy, all right enough!"

An' Tommy Bell, w'at comes To play with us, an' spend the day, An' break my slates an' drums, They all has got a lot o' stunts An' says I ain't no good at all,

'Cause I ain't got one, too. Now, sister Nell, she skins the cat, She does, an' Cousin Joe He's double-j'inted in his thumbs, An' in his right hand toe; But Tommy Bell's the best of all-

I ain't had time to learn it yet, It's hard as everything. But maybe of I practice up I'll learn it 'fore next spring;

The double action way. You can't learn how to move your ears Unless you're born that way, Nor how to throw your J'ints out, At least that's what they say: But you can learn to cross your eyes,

He wistles through his teeth The other day he showed me how, Out on the Jones' heath.

An' Sister Nell she's promised too She'd teach me how some day To skin the cat the way she does,

An' do the split an' turn Yourself all sorter inside out, Like I'm goin' to learn. -William Wallace Whitelock.

he had neglected to pay me my fare. Oh, in New York is the left-hand party. In this

A New Amusement.

News comes from a usually reliable Eng-

new social function the guest is expected to come with his or her dexter arm so bound up that it cannot be used further than to just serve as an index of the occasion. Thus the company is expected to register their names, greet each other, play the piano, dance, eat and go through all the requirements of the situation with their left hand alone. It may be that in this search for sorted to this emeans of amusement, although it is somewhat strange that the first information on the subject comes from the other side. And yet there is a kind of precedent for the innovation in the fact that parties were only recently in vogue in Brooklyn where the guests took rank, as it is not at all improbable. Assuming, then, one of the two guards, the existence of such a fad, there is one what to do with their hands, so that tying | ing one of them up may reduce this cause of

Sense of Relief.

Atchison Globe. days, his best girl positively enjoys the long way off to me-stood a man in a again alone with King Edward. thought that she can now go around the black Prince Albert coat, alone. I looked | "Again I didn't know what to say," he ally exact the average tourist is not likely house in her old clothes, with no fear of at him, and my first thought was a big remarked, in describing his adventure. "I to see in a given scene what was read into